



CD 2003 -- 89

Thursday, October 2, 2003  
Walter Hall, 12:10 pm

Thursdays at Noon  
presents

**"ON WINGS OF SONGS"**  
with  
**Lorna MacDonald, soprano**  
*Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies*  
**Che Anne Loewen, piano**  
**Peter Stoll, clarinet**

Hark the ech'ing air  
Strike the Viol  
Sound the Trumpet  
If music be the food of love play on  
Nymphs and Shepherds, come away!

Henry Purcell

Three Songs of Innocence (William Blake)  
Piping down the Valleys wild  
The Shepherd  
The Echoing Green

Arnold Cooke

The Song my Paddle sings (E. Pauline Johnson)

Larysa Kuzmenko

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (Wilhelm Müller) Op. 129

Franz Schubert

I am Rose (Gertrude Stein)  
Look to the Rainbow (Finian's Rainbow)  
Green Finch and Linnet Bird (Sweeney Todd)

Ned Rorem  
Burton Lane  
Stephen Sondheim

ENCORE

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## Biographies

Soprano **Lorna MacDonald** enjoys a career of distinction as singer, voice teacher and Head of Voice Studies at the University of Toronto. In 2001 she received the honor of being named to the *Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies* and in 2003, she was named Full Professor. Her passion for teaching and singing thrives equally between stage and studio. In 1997 she received Ontario's prestigious OCUFA Award for "teaching excellence and outstanding contributions to university teaching". In the United States (1978-1994), she received awards and prizes from the Metropolitan Opera, Chicago Lyric, Dallas, Fort Worth Opera guilds and the National Opera Association, among others. Her performances have been broadcast by the CBC in Canada and PBS in the United States. Her concert recording with organist David MacDonald, "Ave Maria", received special attention on the CBC Maritime network after the "9/11" tragedy. Reviewers of Canadian performances wrote, "fiery soprano MacDonald dazzles" (Halifax Herald, 2000), "bright and sparkling" (Globe and Mail 1992), "an absolute jewel" (Edmonton Journal 1994). "Luckier still are the students who benefit from her solid grounding in the art of building voices and her keen understanding of the art of singing" (Halifax Herald 2000).

Lorna MacDonald is in demand as a master class teacher and adjudicator (Metropolitan Opera, Canadian Opera Company, National Festival of Music) and she continues her performance career in recital and chamber music performances in Canada and the US. She enjoys the collaboration of Guy Few, trumpet, and Che Anne Loewen, piano, in the trio *Bravura* which has toured in both eastern and western Canada in recent seasons. In recital she has performed with noted pianists Dalton Baldwin and William Aide. In addition to heading Voice Studies, she teaches Vocal Pedagogy, Voice, and Advanced Performance Studies at the Faculty of Music.

**Che Anne Loewen**, originally from Steinbach, Manitoba, is a collaborative pianist of breadth and authority. Her first love is the art song repertoire, and she relishes her opportunities to pass this music on to her students at the University of Toronto where she coaches singers and teaches Piano-Vocal Masterclasses and Lyric Diction.

Ms. Loewen has performed throughout Canada and in Europe with many singers and instrumentalists, including Catherine Robbin, Mark Pedrotti, Gary Relyea, and Measha Brueggergosman. She has toured in concert with soprano Lorna MacDonald and trumpeter Guy Few; Ms. Loewen and Mr. Few have collaborated on a recording of French repertoire entitled *Exposures*. She has been heard many times over the CBC and has been praised in the press for her "brilliant support" (Toronto Globe and Mail), "truly exquisite articulation" (Fredericton Daily Gleaner) and her "subtlety and nuance" (Halifax Chronicle-Herald).

Ms. Loewen has been a guest instructor in Canada at the Banff Centre, the Elora Festival, Newfoundland's Memorial University, for NATS, and in Germany at the Musikakademie of the Prinzregententheater in Munich.

Known for his virtuoso energy on stage and an easy and entertaining way of speaking with the audience, **Peter Stoll** was a prizewinner in the 1987 International Clarinet Society Competition and also that year's Solo Clarinetist with the World Orchestra of Jeunesses Musicales in Berlin and Vienna. He performs regularly in Toronto as a member of the Toronto Philharmonia at the Toronto Centre for the Performing Arts and with the contemporary music groups Continuum, which toured western Canada, and ERGO, which travelled to Munich, Germany (1999 and 2001), New York City and Finland (2002). Peter received his Master of Music degree from Indiana University where he studied with James Campbell. In 2000 the Ontario Arts Council awarded a commissioning grant to Peter and Randall Smith, award-winning electroacoustic composer, for a new solo bass clarinet piece, "Borealis".

Peter has been involved in a number of recent CD releases: two with Continuum; as part of the University of Toronto/Canadian Brass All-Star Band; and as soloist in composer John Gladwell's Concerto for Clarinet and MIDI. He teaches clarinet and chamber music at the University of Toronto as well as privately, and is much sought after as an adjudicator at music festivals.



## Song Texts

### **Hark! The ech'ing Air**

Hark! The ech'ing air a triumph sings!  
All around pleased Cupids clap their wings.

### **Strike the Viol**

Strike the Viol, touch the Lute;  
Wake the Harp, inspire the Flute:  
Sing your Patronesse's Praise,  
In cheerful and harmonious Lays.

### **Sound the Trumpet**

Sound the Trumpet and beat the warlike Drum.  
The prince will be with laurels crowned  
Before his manhood comes  
How pleased he is and gay when the trumpet strikes his ear.  
His hands like shaking lilies play and catch at every spear.

### **If music be the food of love**

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am filled with joy;  
For then my listening soul you move,  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music everywhere.

### **Nymphs and shepherds come away**

Nymphs and shepherds come away  
In the groves let's sport and play  
For this, this is Flora's holy day  
Sacred to ease and happy love  
To dancing, to music and to poetry  
Your flocks may now securely rove  
Whil'st you express your jollity.

### **THREE SONGS OF INNOCENCE (William Blake)**

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb."  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
"Piper, pipe that song again."  
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."  
So I sang the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book, that all may read."  
So he vanished from my sight;  
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stain'd the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy song  
Every child may joy to hear.

### **The Shepherd**

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!  
From the morn to the evening he strays;  
He shall follow his sheep all the day,  
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,  
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;  
He is watchful while they are in peace,  
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

### **The Echoing Green**

The sun does arise,  
And make happy the skies;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the Spring;  
The skylark and thrush,  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells' cheerful sound;  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,  
Does laugh away care,  
Sitting under the oak,  
Among the old folk.  
They laugh at our play,  
And soon they all say,  
"Such, such were the joys  
When we all—girls and boys—  
In our youth-time were seen  
On the echoing green."

Till the little ones, weary,  
No more can be merry:  
The sun does descend,  
And our sports have an end.  
Round the laps of their mothers  
Many sisters and brothers,  
Like birds in their nest,  
Are ready for rest,  
And sport no more seen  
On the darkening green.

## The Song My Paddle Sings

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,  
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.  
The sail is idle, the sailor too;  
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.

Blow, blow!  
I have wooed you so,  
But never a favour you bestow.  
You rock your cradle the hills between,  
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast;  
I wooed you long but my wooing's past;  
My paddle will lull you into rest.  
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,  
Sleep, sleep.  
By your mountain steep,  
Or down where the prairies grasses sweep!  
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,  
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,  
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,  
Drift, drift,

Where the hills uplift  
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;  
My paddle is plying its way ahead!  
Dip, dip,  
While the waters flip  
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;  
The eddies circle about my bow.  
Swirl, Swirl!  
How the ripples curl  
In many a dangerous pool awirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,  
Fretting their margin for evermore.  
Dash, dash,  
With a mighty crash,  
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!  
The reckless waves you must plunge into.  
Reel, reel.  
On your trembling keel,  
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!  
The river slips through its silent bed.

Sway, sway,  
As the bubbles spray  
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,  
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,  
Swings, swings,  
Its emerald wings,  
Swelling the song that my paddles sings.

## Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (Text by Willhelm Müller)

The shepherd on the rock

When, from the highest rock up here,  
Down to the valley deep I peer,  
And sing,  
Far from the valley dark and deep  
Echoes rush through, in upward sweep,  
The chasm.

The farther that my voice resounds,  
So much the brighter it rebounds  
From under.

My sweetheart dwells so far from me,  
I hotly long with her to be  
O'er yonder.

I am consumed in misery,  
I have no use for cheer,  
Hope has on earth eluded me,  
I am so lonesome here.

So longingly did sound the song,  
So longingly through wood and night,  
Towards heav'n it draws all hearts along  
With unsuspected might.

The Springtime is coming,  
The Springtime, my cheer,  
Now must I make ready  
On wanderings to fare.  
(E. Knust)